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- 26 -



# INJUR'D INNOCENCE:

A

# TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

( I N )

DRURY-LANE.

by W Billore

---

*Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes  
Personam formare novam; servetur ad inum.  
Qualis ab incæpto processerit. ———*

H O R. de Arte Poet.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BRINDLEY, at the *King's-Arms* in  
*New-Bond-Street*, M.DCC.XXXII.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]



# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Cibber, Jun.

**T**HE tragick muse in letter'd Athens first  
*An early race of polish'd heroes nurs'd;*  
 Next, in old Rome she rose, with sense refin'd,  
 To humanise the masters of mankind.

From these our stage, transplanted, took its rise,  
 The school of virtue, and the scoutge of vice:  
 Rude in its youth, till Shakespear's master-hand  
 Taught the strong scene each passion to command;  
 And Dryden, Otway, Congreve, Squithern, Rowe,  
 With honest heat had all your bosoms glow.  
 Establish'd names! who for revoking years,  
 From every eye have drawn applauding tears.

But in each clime the drama has its date,  
 Its youth, its manhood, and decaying state,  
 The once learn'd Grecians now no longer know  
 These arts which we to their invention owe.  
 Even Italy retains of all her store,  
 But faint remains of what she had before.

And if like theirs, our own declining stage  
 Be past the vigor of its brightest age;  
 Long as it may, however, let it last;  
 Nor, by discouragement, its sure destruction haste.  
 Too soon, alas! without your aiding frown,  
 The courtesies, buxom things shall pull it down.

When, here and there, some marks of genius rise,  
 View 'em, tho' incorrect, with friendly eyes;  
 Benign not all, because the best are gone;  
 Each age will not produce an Addison.

Nor for himself alone our author sues;  
 Rough treatment may deter some abler muse.  
 In his own favour he'd not wish suppress'd  
 Th' unbiass'd judgment of one British breast,  
 Nor from chastisement seeks to screen his pen;  
 Correct him freely,——but correct like men.  
 Mark your dislikes,——yet let not wanton spleen,  
 To damn a sentence——quite disturb a scene:  
 On little faults let not your censure roll,  
 But sink or save him, as you like the whole.

Person



# Persons Represented.

## M E N.

<i>Ferdinand</i> , King of <i>Naples</i> .	<i>Mr. Marshall</i> .
<i>Alphonso</i> , the King's Uncle.	<i>Mr. Bridgwater</i> .
<i>Theodore</i> , General of the <i>Neapolitan</i> Armies.	<i>Mr. Mills</i> , sen.
<i>Philomont</i> , his Friend	<i>Mr. W. Mills</i> .
<i>Alonzo</i> , Captain of the King's Guard.	<i>Mr. Watson</i> .
<i>Vasquez</i> , a Lord of the Court, <i>Alphonso's</i> Creature.	<i>Mr.</i>

## W O M E N.

<i>Miranda</i> , Daughter of <i>Gonsalvo</i> , the former General of <i>Naples</i> , belov'd by <i>Theodore</i> .	<i>Mrs. Horton</i> .
<i>Cleone</i> , her Attendant.	<i>Mrs. Grace</i> .

*Attendants, Guards, Ruffians, &c.*

SCENE in *Naples*.

The TALE, a Fiction.



# INJUR'D INNOCENCE.

A

## TRAGEDY.



### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Alphonso* discover'd musing alone.

**A** M I for ever doom'd to disappointment?  
Better I had been born a peasant-hind,  
Abject of soul, than to this second place,  
Brother and uncle to the throne of *Naples*;  
Yet never reach the glittering wreath that hangs  
So near, and mocks me with its promis'd glories.  
—Ambition, thou art like the pelicane,  
The parent of a numerous race of cares,  
Which prey upon the breast that gives them birth.

B

SCENE

## SCENE II.

Enter *Alonzo*.

Well, my *Alonzo*, has the voice of law  
 Giv'n to disgrace and shame this hidden beauty,  
 This minion of the haughty *Theodore*?  
 Stands she condemn'd, in form, a prostitute?

*Alon.* Just to your wish the whole proceeding went:  
 The officers, exact to their instructions,  
 Ent'ring at once with warrants for her seizure,  
 Bore her, half dead, unto the hall of audience,  
 Where our well tutor'd evidence push'd home  
 Their accusation with undaunted brows:  
 Nor were the advocates or judges wanting;  
 With such rapidity the whole was done,  
 That had she been of the best blood of *Naples*,  
 Her high alliances had nought avail'd;  
 She had been sentenc'd, sentenc'd as she was,  
 Before she cou'd have call'd their distant aid.

*Alp.* But was that sentence executed too?

*Alon.* Upon the instant, Sir. A short half hour  
 Scarce past from her first seizure, till she went  
 In a long robe and veil of penance, led  
 Between two priests, who carry'd burning tapers,  
 With a wild rabble hooting at her heels.

*Theodore* met the whole procession too,  
 As in a sort of triumph, now returning  
 From his late victory, he enter'd *Naples*.

*Alp.* Why! that was better than my expectation.  
 How sat it on his haughty stomach, ha?

*Alon.* Inform'd of what it was, dismounting fierce,  
 With rage and tears at once, he cross'd their way,  
 And wou'd have forc'd her from the officers,  
 Who stood aghast, while the two friars trembl'd  
 At sight of twice five hundred shining swords;

All

All on the instant drawn, and gleaming round 'em,  
 As ready to obey their leader's will,  
 And cloud the face of peace with blood and tumult;  
 Till by his friend, and by herself persuaded,  
 Not to insult the arm of civil justice,  
 He cool'd at last, then seizing on her hand  
 With his elated port and mien, he 'cry'd,  
 " Hold high the tapers, I will lead her on  
 " As to my publick spousals, in the sight  
 " Of all the envying world."——When looking round  
 With anger and disdain; " By heaven, said he,  
 " The light of her unfully'd innocence  
 " Throws such a day of glory o'er the face  
 " Of this your solemn pageant punishment,  
 " That for the future 'twill be thought an honour  
 " Due only to the most exalted virtue."

So saying, on he led her  
 Unto St. *Magdalen's* appointed shrine,  
 Where once the ceremonial penance past,  
 He at the altar offer'd to espouse her.

*Alp.* Indeed, young hero! are you then so fix'd?

*Alon.* Which she with modesty and tears declin'd,  
 While he persuaded still; when from the king  
 (Who had been told the story and the tumult)  
 A message order'd 'em unto the palace,  
 Whither he now conducts her, and no doubt,  
 Will urge a strict enquiry for the truth.

*Alp.* I am not now to learn with what blind confidence  
 The hearts of these warm lovers oft reject  
 Whatever lessens that supreme perfection,  
 In which their heated fancies dress a mistress;  
 And stood not unprepar'd of farther means,  
 A second blow, to stagger his firm trust,  
 And finish that disgrace which this began.  
 But 'tis no matter.——Here I give him up——

*Alonzo*, from this moment I am thine.

*Alon.* With warmest zeal and humble gratitude,  
 I take the honour of your offer'd friendship.

B 2

*Alp.*

*Alp.* And as firm seals of its sincerity  
Receive the greatest secrets of my breast,  
Which now I dare intrust to thy try'd faith,  
Tho' they ne'er 'scap'd me yet, not ev'n to *Theodore*.

*Alon.* With me, Sir, they are safe, beyond the reach  
Of Torments to extort.

*Alp.* Once, while my brother liv'd,  
Being warm with wine in an unguarded hour,  
I try'd *Gonsalvo*—this *Miranda's* father,  
To aid my purpose; but his squeamish loyalty  
Was startled at the hint, and ever after,  
Shunning my friendship, thwarted all my schemes.  
Him therefore to the enemy betray'd,  
I sunk, and farther wrought the easy king  
To sentence him a traitor after death;  
Then rais'd this *Theodore*.—

Not as he vainly thinks, because I love  
That high-flown merit which his pride assumes;  
But trusting that the haughty gratitude  
Which spurs such vain, such generous lofty fools,  
Blindly to share their benefactors fortunes,  
Might in some hour of publick discord bear me  
Cross the rough tides of faction to a throne.

*Alon.* His fiery youth and bold aspiring mind  
Seem'd, as by nature, for your purpose form'd.

*Alp.* So thought I once—but now he cools, and settles;  
Books, and I know not what—Philosophy,  
Begin to mould him to another shape.  
And sore it irks me, that such idle dreams,  
Scraps of pedantic morals, shou'd make vain  
The hope of lingering years.

*Alon.* Yet time has still  
Some lucky moment left which you may seize.

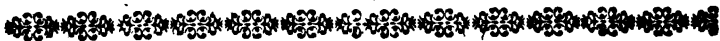
*Alp.* Had I then known thy worth, I had not rais'd  
This boy to posts, which thou hadst better fill'd.  
But since with obstinacy thus he fosters  
The daughter of that ruin'd enemy,  
(Whom I thought bury'd in her father's fall)

## INJUR'D INNOCENCE.

I'll plunge 'em both together in destruction.  
At some fit season thou shalt know the means ;  
I must to the presence now, to observe what passes ;  
Warn thou the evidence to lye conceal'd,  
And then attend me there——Caution must guard

[Exit Alonzo.]

What policy contrives——the hand that dares attempt  
A dangerous blow shou'd veil it self in clouds. [Exit.]



### SCENE III.

A Room of State.

Enter *King* attended, *Philomont*, *Alphonso*.

*Phil.* Such, thro' the whole her fair deportment was ;  
The order of the law appear'd revers'd ;  
It seem'd the criminal arraign'd the judge,  
While justice standing at the bar, condemn'd  
Or a corrupt, or undiscerning bench.

*King.* Wonder and pity both attend thy tale.  
In private has he held this lady then ?

*Phil.* 'Twas by this chance alone discover'd, Sir,  
And still her birth's unknown.——

But sure it is, she's of no common strain,  
If manners, form, and modesty, might be  
Her heralds, they wou'd sure derive her, Sir,  
Ev'n from the foremost house of human kind.

*King.* But on what proof did her conviction stand ?

*Phil.* Two wretched men, whose very looks declar'd  
That nature, like a step-dame, had deny'd 'em  
The share of goodness common to their kind,  
Depos'd against her in most brutal words.

*King.* How must she suffer at the shocking charge !  
Or, how behave, where a defence itself

Must

Must give her pains, keen as the accusation!

*Phil.* Silent at first she stood, while in her eyes,  
A sweet, yet awful indignation shone,  
From whose fair fountains ever and anon,  
A trickling shower of silent sorrow stole,  
As it would quench the blush of just disdain,  
That glow'd upon her cheek ---- And when she spoke,  
Such a becoming diffidence adorn'd  
The accents of her voice, as seem'd to say,  
She fear'd her words might wound that modesty,  
In whose defence her trembling tongue pronounc'd 'em,  
In gentle, yet in most persuasive sort.  
But all in vain. ———

Her restless judges sentenc'd her with rigour  
To the rude punishment of common prostitutes.  
When thro' the populace that stood around  
A whisper'd murmur ran, that rais'd itself at last  
To railing noise, and clamorous curses on them.

*King.* And with good reason too; in such a case,  
(If slight suspicious witnesses have weight)  
Perverted law may strike the burning brand  
Ev'n on the cheek of virgin innocence,  
And blot our chasteest matrons with disgrace,  
When ever base detraction stains their names  
With its envenom'd breath: but were my orders sent?

*Phil.* Expressly, Sir. ———  
And see, they both approach your royal presence.

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Theodore, and Miranda; they kneel.*

*Theo.* If injur'd innocence has right to claim  
Protection from the sovereign source of justice,

## INJUR'D INNOCENCE.

I kneel, great *Ferdinand*, assur'd to find redress  
For the vile wrongs this beauteous virgin suffers.

*King.* Rise *Theodore*. Fair one, be comforted:  
At a king's hand you shall have ample justice;  
Slander meets no regard from noble minds.  
Restrain your tears---only the base believe  
What the base only utter. ———

*Mir.* Spare my confusion, Sir, if tears alone  
Are my defence---In such a cause, alas!  
The guilty sure are fitter far to plead,  
Than are the innocent. ———

*King.* Words wou'd be needless here.  
The hand of nature never sure impress'd  
Such marks of sterling worth on base alloy.  
But tell me, *Theodore*, what is her birth?  
She's exquisitely fair---Ev'n to a miracle!

*Theo.* That I have long conceal'd my soul's delight,  
Demands your pardon; but you here behold  
The daughter of the great, the good *Gonsalvo*.  
The worthy daughter of so brave a father,  
Treated with infamy, and base abuse.

*King.* The daughter of *Gonsalvo*, *Theodore*?  
What! young *Miranda*, beauteous *Laura*'s sister?

*Theo.* The same, dread Sir, and now the sole remains  
Of all his ruin'd house; for publick rumour says,  
That other branch of his illustrious blood  
Fell at the fatal sack of *Pavia*,  
Whence this was sav'd. The mourning fair I found  
Among the wrecks of that unhappy day,  
Turn'd out a wanderer. Oh, had you seen her, Sir,  
The weeping orphan, friendless, and forlorn,  
Beauteous in grief, with looks resign'dly sweet,  
Your heart had felt th' emotions of my breast,  
'Twas piety, 'twas pity --- It was love  
Urg'd me to succour the dejected maid;  
Whom ever since in humble privacy  
With most unfully'd honour I have cherish'd:  
And I, ev'n lose the patience of a man,

Reflecting



## 8. INJUR'D INNOCENCE

Reflecting how her tender bosom suffers  
With this opprobrious wrong.——

*King.* A prince might own thy cares without a blush;  
None of the blood of that brave injur'd man  
(I think him so) cou'd merit such disgrace.  
Now, by my throne, there's malice in this deed;  
But I will guard her innocence from harms.  
Dispose her; *Theodore*, in that apartment,  
Whose gallery orelooks the western garden.

*Mir.* Alas, that solitary sweet retirement  
Whence this rough sentence—dragg'd me, better suits  
My humble fortunes, than such high distinction.  
Make not my shame conspicuously great.

*King.* In this, *Miranda*, I must be obey'd:  
Thou hast a kind of birthright in the place:  
Those lodgings have receiv'd *Gonsalvo* oft,  
When winter sent the hoary soldier home,  
From many a well-fought field.——  
And tho' my father (on what proof I know not)  
Sentenc'd him as a traytor after death,  
Yet, I have strong suspicions that he fell  
Betray'd and honest. But of that hereafter.  
Mean time, be thou his fair successor there,  
And let me see who dares stand forth to say,  
'Tis undeserv'd ---- Be her accusers summon'd,  
Her judges too ---- I'll hear this cause, my self  
But I have for your private Ear, *Miranda*.

[*King whispers* *Miranda*.

*Theo.* Noble *Alphonso*, I am not deceiv'd, [to *Alp.*  
And this is some base wretch's plot, to blast  
The fairest name that vertue ever dress'd  
In the white robes of innocence and truth.

*Alp.* Young men are too assur'd, the old perhaps  
Too cautious.——  
This business is not mine ---- Your friend may learn  
Who to her judges brought this accusation.  
Tho', after what has past, it were not strange  
Shou'd they recant ---- But see, the king advances.

*King.*

*King.* Now, *Theodore*, see thy fair mistress lodg'd,  
 With orders that her treatment may be such,  
 As she were ev'n our sister: that dispos'd,  
 See me again.—I have of moment to impart to thee.  
[*Exeunt.*

\*\*\*\*\*

## SCENE V.

*Alphonso* alone.

*Alp.* *Gonsalvo's* blood not merit such disgrace!  
 Reason to think him honest, and betray'd!  
 Has some strange chance let in a gleam of day  
 On my close conduct then? ———  
 No, he has found the father's honesty,  
 Ev'n in the sunshine of the daughter's eyes.  
 Lodg'd in the palace! ---- treated with distinction! ----  
 Grave magistrates, and legal evidence!  
 Disgrac'd, and doubted! ---- nay, he whisper'd too,  
 And his familiar lips, with amorous delay,  
 Dwelt on her ear. ——— It must be so! ———  
 But ev'n so, 'tis dangerous. ———  
 Her favour may give birth to such enquiry  
 On that affair, as wou'd not suit my safety.  
 And how to guard against it. ---- Lucky thought!  
 The rage 'twould give this jealous, haughty foldier,  
 May ev'n tear him from his close attachment,  
 And mould his stubborn temper to my purpose,

\*\*\*\*\*

## SCENE VI.

Enter *Alonzo*.

*Alon.* What may not chance effect? when this fall'n fair,  
 So late the sport of crouds, is now become

C

The

The sudden care, and favourite of a king?

*Alp.* 'Twas unforeseen. ——— But as the truly brave  
Turn danger and misfortune into glory;  
So the sagacious form, to their own ends,  
Those accidents wou'd baffle weaker heads:  
Now, from their purpos'd fate they stand repriev'd,  
Till in the grave, to which they go, *Alonzo*,  
Thy friend shall find a crown. ———  
Give order that *Jago* strait attend me.  
His house, before I left love's idle toys,  
Was my resort. ———

There will I lay a scene shall turn this royal bounty,  
These flattering favours into deadly poison;  
Their promis'd safety here shall prove their ruin.

So where the eye of heav'n with fullest ray,  
Pours on the pregnant glebe a flood of day,  
Tho' the rich clime ambrosial odors cheer,  
And summer smiles round all the radiant year;  
Fell mischief lurks in the fair-seeming scenes,  
In spicy gales disguis'd, and fragrant greens.  
The scorpion's sting, the viper's venom'd brood,  
And calentures that fire the boiling blood.  
Curst in his paradise, the native pining lies,  
Or smite with madness in a frenzy dies.

*The End of the First Act.*



A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street by Night.

Enter *Alonzo*, and two *Ruffians*.

*Alon.* **H**ERE plac'd unseen, mark carefully th' effect  
This letter will produce, \_\_\_\_\_  
[*They retire to corners.*]



SCENE II.

Enter, from a Door, *Miranda*, *Cleone* with  
a Light.

*Mir.* Shou'd *Theodore* return, tell him I am retir'd,  
Fatigu'd, and wish to rest --- forgive me, Love,  
The first, the sole deceit I ever us'd;  
For I wou'd spare his tender breast the cares,  
The fears, the pains my going thus wou'd give him.

*Cle.* Weigh, Madam, well the dangerous undertaking;  
This fair pretence, may hide some black design.

C 2

*Mir.*

*Mir.* To me it seems not so ---- howe'er, again  
I will consult this secret monitor,  
And poise its purpose thoroughly.

[*Opens a Letter, and reads.*]

Madam,

**A** *N unhappy man, sick, as he fears, to death, and penitent for  
his crime, waits to disclose the whole conspiracy on your  
good name. But fearing both Theodore's resentment, and the King's,  
till you have assur'd him of his pardon, he will see none but your  
self, whose goodness he dares trust. If therefore you come instantly,  
and alone, to the fountain of St. Mark, you'll there find a guide to  
the place. But, if not, all future search will be vain.*

What point of likelihood is wanting here?  
Guilt, sickness, penitence, and fear of punishment,  
Are in each step frail nature's common course,  
And ev'ry circumstance is apt and probable.

*Cle.* But, Madam, why alone?  
Why unattended? that strict prohibition  
Seems big with dark intent.

*Mir.* But the effects of fear. ———  
More evidence of his abode, or his confession, might  
Seize and consign him to the hands of justice,  
Before his pardon gain'd. But were the danger greater,  
I have no choice, *Cleone.* ———

*Cle.* Calm this impatience of your troubl'd breast;  
Wait but to-morrow, and this unjust doom  
Shall be revers'd, and your white name restor'd.

*Mir.* The formal sentence may: but what shall curb  
The ever-babbling tongue of busy rumor?  
The smile malignant, and the shaken head,  
With which suspicion talks, and tells her tales.  
These, fair confession only can remove,  
Th' unforc'd confession of my first accusers.

*Cle.*

*Cle.* But while great *Ferdinand* asserts your cause,  
Sure 'twill be safe under such high protection.

*Mir.* O, there's the danger, thou consider'st not  
The tender texture of fair reputation;  
Whose blossom the rough breath of pow'r may blast,  
But cannot make it live. In vain his threats  
May from their dark retreats cite my accusers,  
In vain may strive to force confession from 'em——  
Which forc'd, wou'd be in vain—shou'd I neglect an hour,  
This wretch may die, and not a tongue be left,  
Honest enough to right my injur'd name.  
And then my honour must depend alone  
On the world's courtesy, on meer presumption.  
Which thought, alas, wou'd place a fatal bar  
Betwixt my *Theodore* and me for ever.

*Cle.* His generous faith makes all your caution needless,  
Who without vouchers trusts your well-known virtue.  
*Theodore's* wife can need no fairer name.

*Mir.* *Theodore's* wife! ay, there's the tye, *Cleone*.  
With me his boundless love, even against such strong ap-  
Trusts his whole stock of honour; and may shame, [pearances,  
This infamy, which more than death I dread,  
For ever fix it self upon my life,  
If meanly I betray th' endearing trust,  
And give him, for his wond'rous love and truth,  
A wife to tarnish all his youthful glories.  
No, I must be, ev'n in the busy thoughts  
Of all the whispering world, what my own heart  
Informs me he deserves——or ne'er be his.  
And think'st thou that I cou'd survive the loss?

*Cle.* Why with nice scruples, Madam, will you urge  
Your fame, or life perhaps, to some new hazard,  
Which prudence ought to shun?——

*Mir.* Prudence, *Cleone*!——  
'Tis prudence bids me go, or be a wretch for ever.  
What name, alas! what life have I to risque?  
What! but a name, and life of infamy?  
The hand of fate severe, has set my all

Upon

Upon this single chance—and I will draw the lot,——  
Be clear'd, or be no more.——

*Cle.* Good angels guide your steps.——

*[She goes out, Cleone retires,*

### SCENE III.

*Alonzo and Ruffians come forward.*

*Alon.* Thus far to our design th' event succeeds ;  
She's unattended gone. Now to the fountain thou,  
And thence conduct her to *Jago's* house.

*[One of the Ruffians goes out after her.*

One danger still remains left any hence  
Shou'd follow with design to seize the guide.  
That point let farther observation guard.

*[Retire in corners again.*

### SCENE IV.

Scene opens to a farther Street.

Enter *Miranda*, slowly and in fear.

Darkness has almost reach'd its sable noon,  
And those who stray along the silent streets,  
Seem such as borrow from the robe of night  
A friendly fold to hide the rags in which  
The scanty hand of pinching penury  
Has but half-clad their meagre starving bodies,  
Avoiding so the shame, and taunting insults,  
With which the proud and gorgeous gird the poor,  
How few, alas, of those whom fortune lays  
In the soft lap of downy luxury,  
Consider this dark side of human life.

Oh pity ! why is thy kind eye clos'd up,

While

*what pain 't to do with fear*

While misery and night thus hand in hand  
Go join'd in sad society together.

It looks as if calamity had lost  
Its birthright even in the very sun,  
And darkness only were the wretch's day,  
But chiefly mine, alas——

Of all the griefs thy gloomy curtains veil,  
My bathful solitary sorrows claim  
Peculiar place in their surrounding shades,  
Companions for thy wildest wanderers.

——This way, I think, leads to the fountain——yes——

I hear the purlings of its distant stream,  
Which by the bounteous hand of heav'n pour'd out,  
Flows all the day to slake the wretch's thirst,  
And falls at night in gently murmuring rills,  
A kind associate to his sighs and tears.

——Let fall thy gurgling waters still to guide  
My fearful feet——

Thou can'st not lend their melancholy notes  
To one that's more disconsolate than me.

[Exit.

\*\*\*\*\*

## SCENE V.

Closes to where *Miranda* first came out.

*Alonzo* and a *Ruffian*, come forward.

*Alon.* All here is hush'd; no signs of a pursuit.  
Now to the general this letter bear.

Deliver it, and vanish, that no trace  
Be left to find the hand from whence it came.  
But stay; What light is this? 'tis he himself,  
And from *Miranda's* lodging seems to come;  
Close once again, and mark his motions well.

[They retire.

SCENE



## SCENE VI.

Enter *Theodore* following a light.

*Theo.* No doubtful turns of life, no change of fortune  
 Cou'd shake me with such strong anxiety;  
 I have a thousand fears. O love! the firmest mind  
 When touch'd with thy soft fires,——  
 Becomes, alas! all over vulnerable. [Mus.

## SCENE VII.

Enter *Philomont*.

*Phil.* Why do I find thee thus with folded arms,  
 Musing in fix'd regard, as if thou stoodst  
 To mark the stealing steps of silent night,  
 Till morning shou'd inform thee of thy way?

*Theo.* Oh *Philomont*! These shades are like broad day  
 To those which overcast my troubl'd thoughts.  
 Going, as he commanded, to the king;  
 Not many moments past I left *Miranda*:  
 But he was absent, and at my return,  
 She too was strangely wander'd out alone.

*Phil.* What! Absent both? Both didst thou say?

*Theo.* I did.——

That the king shou'd be so, is no way strange.  
 'T has been his wont of late.——

*Phil.* 'Tis true, my friend.

I wou'd not wound his heart:——

Yet must the doubt be clear'd, and this the only time.  
 I'll make the search my self. [Aside.

*Theo.*

*Theo.* What is it moves thee thus? Whence this surprize?  
Ev'n greater than my own?——

*Phil.* I know not.——

I've caught th' infection from thee. Go to thy rest,  
I will be with thee at the earliest dawn.

*Theo.* Ha! *Philomont*, somewhat of dire import  
Glares in thy looks.——

Now by our friendship past, thou stirr'st not hence,  
Till I have all thy thoughts.——

*Phil.* To-morrow thou shalt know; but let me leave

*Theo.* O do not rack me thus! my busy fears [thee now.  
Begin to muster up a horrid troop  
Of doubts, that if thou speak'st not, *Philomont*,  
Will to distraction drive me——Say, alas,  
Has grief or sad mischance  
Dislodg'd her spirit from its lovely mansion?  
If she be dead, O lead me, where I may  
Fold in a last embrace the dear remains.  
Then by 'em lay me down, with tears incessant  
To weep for ever——motionless and mute;  
At once her mourner and her monument.

*Phil.* Why wilt thou urge me thus? dispel thy fears.

*Miranda* lives.——

I think I saw her safe few moments past.

*Theo.* Ha! how? when? where? inform me, is she gone  
To shrou'd her sorrows in some lone retreat?  
O haste me, *Philomont*! to find the place,  
That I may speak the voice of comfort to her.  
Whilst she's in tears, my heart will know no rest.  
And yet so lovelily the mourner looks,  
That joy it self of grief becomes enamour'd,  
And sues for fellowship in such sweet woes.

*Phil.* Perhaps she is retir'd. But whatsoe'er's the cause,  
Swear thou wilt calmly hear what I relate.  
For tho' 'tis short of certainty, I fear  
'Twill try thy temper in the tender'st part.

*Theo.* This preparation's dreadful! O proceed  
I'll hear thee calm, as suffering martyrs dye.

D

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Know then, as hither I return'd  
 From my vain search after these witnesses,  
 Passing an obscure street,  
 At a mean house I saw a woman enter,  
 Whose face, whose person, and whose habit, wore  
 A most exact resemblance of *Miranda*.  
 At which surpriz'd, I ask'd whose dwelling 'twas;  
 And had for answer from the nightly watch,  
 That 'twas a place, whither some man of note  
 Us'd to resort on amorous intrigues.

*Theo.* Now I perceive thy fears.—  
 O patience! heav'n! How guiltless were her looks!  
 When scarce an hour ago, she told with tears,  
 In such pathetick words, the accusation,  
 As might turn doubt it self to confidence  
 In the sweet-seeming innocence she wore.  
 But what are seemings? or what certainty?  
 Here I renounce all passions but distrust,  
 And never shall.—

*Phil.* Yet hear me out. The man who answer'd me  
 Continu'd farther; that but just before  
 The woman whom I saw, a gallant entred.  
 When asking his description, I perceiv'd  
 It answer'd well to that, in which the king  
 Has made of late his secret nightly sallies.

*Theo.* It is enough—alas, I'm sick at heart,  
 The bustling race of busy life is done. [*Sinks down.*]  
 Here lay thee down, and let us tell sad tales  
 Of man's credulity, and woman's falshood,  
 Nor ever think of truth and beauty more.

*Phil.* What, on the earth, beneath the wint'ry sky?

*Theo.* Ay, there to choose. Where woud'st thou place  
 On the swan's down in pompous palaces? [*thy self?*]  
 Are they not faithless all? take heed, alas,  
 Lest notwithstanding its firm polish'd form,  
 The pillar'd marble shou'd betray its trust,  
 And sliding from its base, like yielding wax,

Let

Let fall the lofty roof,  
 To crush thee on the feather'd couch, that may  
 Harden to flint beneath thy sleeping head;  
 Doubt nature's works throughout. *Miranda's* fall  
 May warrant ev'n the wildest of thy fears.

*Phil.* Consider, *Theodore*, this seeming certainty  
 May all arise from near resemblances,  
 Seen by th' uncertain glare of midnight torches.

*Theo.* Ah, no, my *Philomont*. When I reflect,  
 Too many things concur to make it sure.  
 Why, when I wou'd have tarry'd longer with her,  
 (T' have pour'd my love, and sorrow for her suff'rings,  
 In tender sighs, and plainings, on her bosom)  
 Why did she then remind the king's appointment?  
 Why did she then urge me with warmth to leave her?  
*Miranda* was not won't to treat me so;  
 Ev'n when marching armies linger'd for me,  
 She wou'd have kept me, hung upon my breast,  
 And talkt of trifles to me. ———

Or why, when I return'd (the king not found)  
 Why wou'd her women have conceal'd her absence?  
 These circumstances make it but too plain.

*Phil.* Wherefore, by circumstances shou'd we judge,  
 When certainty it self is to be had?  
 Gold will not fail (in such a house) to give  
 Us means and way, at once to clear the doubt,  
 And ev'n detect her falshood on the spot,  
 Shou'd she be there. ———

*Thea.* Oh, name it not! alas, 'twould writhe my heart  
 To give her all that shame, and sharp compunction  
 Which she must feel, were she to see my eyes,  
 (The weeping witnesses of all her infamy)  
 Pour forth a flood of dumb reproaches on her,  
 Can I behold, alas, those very looks  
 Clad in confusion, and cast down with guilt,  
 Which never, never met me yet,  
 But with a flush of cordial gladness o'er 'em?

*Phil.* But while 'tis possible, she may be just,

Thou wrong'st her by neglecting the enquiry.

*Theo.* No, *Philomont*, ———

Let me not wrong her neither in my thoughts ;

Well, I will go ; but should we find her there, [Rises.

I charge thee, *Philomont*, let not thy tongue

Break into the least rage, or insult on her.

No ! be our sad and solemn meeting such,

As may bespeak my anguish, and my love.

Deep grieving with the same respectful silence,

As if in very deed thou didst assist me

A mourner in her last sad obsequies.

*Phil.* My heart will surely sympathize with thine,

Too much to act in any other sort.

But let us haste ---- Why dost thou linger thus ?

*Theo.* Forgive the frailty of thy tortur'd friend,

Altho' I forc'd the fatal story from thee,

(As daring to confront the very worst)

What was that short-liv'd fortitude ? alas !

The desperate courage of a wretch in pain,

Who urges fretfully the artist's hand

At once to cut away the wounded part ;

But at the operation's dread approach,

His heart recoils ; he pleads for vain delay,

And fain wou'd keep it, painful as it is,

A little longer yet,

Rather than bear the cruel separation,

That on his tortur'd flesh inflicts new wounds,

And robs his mangl'd body of a limb,

With which his sympathizing soul had held

A long, an intimate, and dear acquaintance.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE VIII.

*Alonzo* and a *Russian* come forward.

*Alon.* The Letter's needless now. This lucky chance  
Has

INJUR'D INNOCENCE.

21

Has better serv'd its purpose. Haste thee hence,  
To warn our penitent against surprize. [*Exit Ruff.*]



SCENE IX.

*Alonzo alone.*

Already they are order'd to permit  
The general's search, and to his questions make  
Replies well fitted to confirm his fears.  
I see him now on ruin's utmost brink ;  
For these confiding tempers, whose firm faith  
Not ev'n a thousand witnesses cou'd weaken,  
If once a glimpse of doubt reaches their minds,  
Fly off to an extreme of quick distrust,  
In which the slightest circumstance has weight,  
Like falling rocks, to plunge 'em in a sea,  
A deep abyfs of raging jealousy.

*The End of the Second Act.*



ACT



## ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment.

*Theodore* with a Letter.

**H**OW art thou, Love, so seated in the soul,  
 That not the din of battle drives thee thence?  
 Tho' round us various scenes of horror croud,  
 And ev'ry other region of our thoughts  
 Lies wrapt in dust and blood,  
 Thou can'st maintain some flow'ry eminence,  
 Free to thy self, on which, like hallow'd ground,  
 Those fiends of war, terror, and frowning rage  
 Dare not intrude. —

This letter to *Miranda* my fond heart  
 Found time with ardent wishes to indite,  
 Ev'n in those busy moments when my mind,  
 Weighing the bloody labours of the morrow,  
 Stood on that doubtful *Isthmus* which divides  
 The day of battle from eternity.

And

And how has she rewarded all my care?  
 Vanish'd—forgot—a bubble—or a shadow;  
 A tale by idiots written on that dust  
 Whence they themselves were form'd.

[*Throws himself on a couch.*]



## SCENE II.

*Enter Philomont.*

*Phil.* Alas! thus prostrate, thus dejected still!  
 In vain, my friend, we boast a reasoning mind,  
 A form erect, by nature's hand bestow'd,  
 To meet and look misfortune in the face,  
 If shook with blasts of passion; thus we fall  
 Prone and dejected, like the brute creation.

*Theo.* Reproach me not, till thou hast lov'd like me,  
 And been, like me, betray'd.—  
 I have renounc'd the toils of active life,  
 And meditate some lonely distant scene,  
 Where far from all the follies of the world,  
 I may wear out the coming thread of life,  
 Nor ever see again the coz'ning face  
 Of that deluding mischief, smiling woman.

*Phil.* Sure *Theodore*, thou woud'st not quit the world.

*Theo.* Not quit it, *Philomont*!  
 Who can support such false society?  
 They smile, and bow, and hug, and shake the hand,  
 Ev'n while they whisper to the next assistant  
 Some cursed plot to blast its owner's head.

*Phil.* Why so it is.—  
 The thousands, who with busy hands and feet,  
 Are ever labouring up the steep ascent

Of



Of wealth and honour, see with jealous eyes,  
 And wou'd prevent each others purposes :  
 Nor can the envy'd summit be attain'd  
 Without the sharp contention that attends,  
 And makes its glory greater.——

*Theo.* 'Tis a contention, friend, I am not form'd for ;  
 And glory gain'd by inhumanity,  
 Like the too ardent heat of *Indian* suns,  
 Blackens those visages on which it shines.

---- I have a little Villa in the *Abruzzo*,  
 A limpid brook waters its verdant meads,  
 And various scenes of woodland, hill, and dale,  
 Diversify the beauteous spot, replete  
 With all that nature, uncorrupted, wants ;  
 The cleanly mansion in a garden plac'd,  
 (Tho' breathing marble people not the grots,  
 Nor painted triumphs animate the walls)  
 Is yet convenient ---- thither I'll retire ;  
 For sake these scenes of fraud, and ev'n forget  
 This false deluding fair one —— if I can.

*Phil.* What ! spend thy life in pensive melancholy,  
 In sleep, and sloth, and sullen discontent ?

*Theo.* Nor sunk in sloth, nor hating human kind,  
 But to their service dedicated more.  
 The book of nature open to my view,  
 With care I wou'd explore the wond'rous work,  
 There read the dictates of th' almighty mind,  
 By his own hand exprest, in characters  
 Thro' the whole fair creation legible  
 In ev'ry tongue and land ---- a solemn institute  
 Of laws eternal, whose unalter'd page  
 No time can change, no copier can corrupt.  
 Science and vertue my sole contemplation,  
 I'll leave this bias'd, busy world to turn  
 On its two stated poles of fraud and folly.

*Phil.* This were to lose the very end of being,  
 And render vertue useless to the world,

'Tis

'Tis action gives its beauteous image life,  
 As it diffuses good to human kind.  
 Which is, without it, but a fair Idea,  
 A painted prospect void of all the worth  
 Which its appearance boasts. This were to be  
 The meer outside, the statue of a man.

*Theo.* This rather is to be indeed a man,  
 To form the mind, and make it truly great.  
 To place it independent, and superior  
 To all that cruel crowd of gauling passions,  
 Which vex the heads, and hearts of the ambitious,  
 That haunt in troops the halls of purple grandeur,  
 And hang like clust'ring bees on gilded roofs.

---- These quite expel'd my humble habitation,  
 Wou'd leave its pleasing shades, a sweet retreat  
 For rosy health, and open-hearted joy,  
 Gentle benevolence, and manly reason,  
 Delightful inmates all. ———

But love, the soft intruder will be there,  
 Will haunt each grove, and sigh in ev'ry shade,  
 And wake me nightly with the painful vision  
 Of false, of faithless, ---- fair *Miranda's* form.

*Pbil.* To such a scene surrender not thy self,  
 Where solitude will double all thy sorrows.  
 Something unknown, some innocent design  
 May have occasioned these appearances.

*Theo.* What unknown cause? What innocent design?

*Pbil.* There may be many, tho' exactly what  
 The real cause may be, I cannot say.

*Theo.* Not say, alas! ———  
 What says the king's surprize at sight of her?  
 What says his anger at the accusation?  
 What say his private whispers ---- tho' she form'd  
 A ready tale that it concern'd her sister?  
 What says the state, the pomp she's treated with?

E

And

And what ---- what says their covert assignation  
 Closely by night in that accursed place?  
 Where this was found, this proof of my fond love  
 Which brings me now, alas, proof of her falsehood.

[*Shewing the letter,*

*Phil.* They are strange circumstances all, I own,  
 But tho' 'tis so, tho' she be false,  
 Yet let not one base woman's perfidy  
 Poison the blessings which with a full hand  
 Thy fair, thy smiling fortune offers thee.  
 Regard the blooming glories that adorn  
 Thy youth, and promise to thy riper age  
 So rich an autumn of succeeding honours.

*Theo.* Alas! I think not of 'em. ———  
 'Twas for *Miranda's* sake I sought to raise  
 A shining pile of honours. But she's lost,  
 And I've no use for pomp, or titles more.  
 Yet, as she is *Gonsalvo's* daughter still,  
 I will return this letter ere I go,  
 Which holds a gift of half my fortune to her.  
 Left, when these halcyon days are overcast,  
 She be expos'd to farther shame and want.  
 That done ---- farewell to active life for ever.

*Phil.* What! does this love, this peevish boy, convert  
 His vot'ries into children like himself?  
 That fretfully, for bawbles, they refuse  
 The most substantial good ---- It must not be.  
 Come, come, the gallant *Theodore*,  
 Whose arm was wont to hurl the bolts of war,  
 And in a tempest of embattl'd troops  
 Ride thro' the routed squadrons of the foe.  
 He cannot, shall not, for one woman's loss,  
 (And she a false one too) forego his honours,  
 Trophies of glory, that to future times,  
 Shall, as on monuments of brass, inscribe

His

His character among the foremost names  
Which human kind revere for generous deeds,  
No *Theodore*, think better. ———

*Theo.* As well, when strong convulsions shake the earth,  
And open wide the horrid jaws of death,  
Thou might'st expect to see the trembling wretch  
Careful to save some trifling gilded toy  
From the dire gulph, when he himself, at once,  
With the whole mansion, where he dwelt, are sinking  
Into the gaping graves that yawn around him.

[*Exeunt.*]



### SCENE. III.

*Alphonso's Apartment.*

*Alphonso and Alonzo, enter Conference.*

*Alp.* 'Twas rightly judg'd.  
Propitious stars have helpt the undertaking,  
And perfected our plot. Now when they meet,  
And the warm lover ask's an explanation  
Of last night's ramble, all will seem evasion  
Which she shall say ---- And sullen discontent,  
And doubts, and jealousy distract 'em all;  
And we must watch which way the storm inclines;  
But matters of more import ask our care,  
Ev'n self-defence ---- I find the king's suspicions

Of treach'ry to *Gonsalvo*, have this ground  
 Among the papers taken from the enemy,  
 That very letter is, by which I gave  
 Intelligence of old *Gonsalvo's* motions,  
 By which, indeed, 'tis plain, he was betray'd,  
 Tho', by what hand appears not ---- but my nephew  
 Seems bent to find it out ---- by any means.  
 Now cou'd we turn the finger of distrust  
 To point at *Theodore*. ———

'T would be compendious policy, and hit  
 Both my intents at once --- Guard me, and ruin him.

*Alon.* There was a Villa, Sir, of his, which 'scap'd  
 The general pillage of his enemy,  
 After *Gonsalvo's* rout ---- when all around  
 The country was laid waste: that circumstance  
 May well bespeak some treach'rous correspondence.

*Alp.* Others there are may give it colour too;  
 As the known coldness which *Gonsalvo* shew'd him  
 (Indeed because he thought he was my friend)  
 His hopes to gain *Miranda*, and his post  
 By the removal ---- Each of these wou'd plead  
 As fair presumptions, had we but the means  
 To give 'em speech, and open the suspicion.

*Alon.* Some leading proof, indeed might give 'em weight.

*Alp.* Here is a copy of that letter too,

[*Shewing a letter.*]

Transcrib'd in characters so like to *Theodore's*,  
 They seem the very same, ---- all these at hand,  
 Attend occasion, which can't long be wanting,  
 Since this foundation's fortunately laid  
 Of broils betwixt him, and the warm young king.

SCENE



## SCENE. IV.

Enter Gentleman.

Well, fellow, what's thy business?

*Gent.* The secretary, Sir, of *Theodore*, attends without,  
And brings this letter to you from his lord.

*Alp.* 'Tis well, retire and let him wait an answer.

[*Exit Gent.*]

Now for a flood of high-flown discontent,  
Which I must in reality encrease,  
By artfully pretending to allay.  
How's this? —

[*Reads.*]

He here informs me that he will retire  
Ev'n to the place thou spok'st of, in th' *Abruzzo*.  
Begs I wou'd guard him from the king's displeasure,  
For whom he sends a packet which contains  
The present state of th' army and the war. [*Muses a little.*]

—Such an occasion! found so suddenly,  
Exceeds my utmost hopes—here, mark we well *Alonzo*,  
Into this packet which he sends my nephew,  
I'll slide this copy of that fatal letter:  
I will attend its opening too, and urge  
What shall not fail to make the king regard it,  
As the original of that by which  
*Gonsalvo* was betray'd —  
Unwittingly put there by *Theodore*.

Great

30 INJUR'D INNOCENCE.

Great men have fallen oft by such neglects.  
 But I have not a moment's time to lose,  
 For he is on the spur. Do thou attend,  
 There will be business for thee, or I err.  
 This fair beginning flatters me, and hope  
 Opens her pleasing prospects to my view;  
 Each moment shall improve the prosp'rous mischief,  
 Till it make sure my long-sought way to empire. [*Exit.*]



SCENE V.

*Miranda* discover'd reading, *Cleone* attending.

*Mir.* In vain I sooth impatient expectation,  
 It quite out-runs this tardy-gated time. [*Shuts the book.*]  
 Is it not noon? prithee look forth, *Cleone*,  
 And if thou tell'st me of my love's approach,  
 But half a moment ere he comes himself,  
 'Tis so much time stole from this tedious absence.



SCENE VI.

Enter *Theodore*.

O *Theodore*! how have the gliding hours

Gone

Gone by thee thus unmark'd with downy feet?  
 While ev'ry moment of thy long delay,  
 My sighs have number'd out, urg'd by my tender haste  
 To make thy heart the partner of my joys.

*Theo.* My heart's unfit, alas! to join in mirth;  
 The bleakest blasts of sorrow chill it round,  
 And all the cheerless region of my thoughts  
 Is but one wide, one wintry waste of grief,  
 O'er which, I fear, the distant sun of comfort  
 Will never lift his cheerful face again.

Howe'er, 'tis well he sheds his gladsome beams  
 From some more happy climate, on thy breast.

*Mir.* Alas! my joys are all deriv'd from thee,  
 Thou art their spring and source: the rising dawn  
 Looks glad alone because it brings me thee.  
 The noontide glows but at thy near approach;  
 The day and night, the seasons and their changes,  
 Borrow their beauties from thy pleasing presence.  
 Why dost thou freeze me with thy looks and words?  
 And chill and interrupt the happy tale  
 That waits upon my tongue to bring thee joy?

*Theo.* And from last night comes the dear blessing then?  
 Can joy, alas, and comfort spring from thence?

*Mir.* Yes, *Theodore*—a penitent poor wretch  
 To whom I went, waits ready to confess  
 This wicked complot on my injur'd fame;  
 But thou must promise me to pardon him.

*Theo.* Oh! I do understand the business now!  
 But why my pardon? there's a higher pow'r:  
 The king shall pardon him.

*Mir.* He doubtless will, if *Theodore* but ask it.

*Theo.* *Miranda* too will join the kind request.

*Mir.* Indeed I've promis'd it.—and sure, I think,  
 The king's so good that he will grant the boon.

*Theo.* I doubt it not at all—oh cutting thought!

*Mir.*



*Miranda*, tho' my heart has long been thine,  
 I claim but title to sincerity,  
 None to command thy love. By nature free,  
 Scorning a veil, the guileless passion reigns,  
 Glows openly on the carnation'd cheek,  
 Speaks in the melting accents of the voice,  
 And thro' the eyes  
 Shews its whole self indignant of disguise,  
 Then only criminal when leagu'd with fraud.  
 Thou art the mistress of thy own free choice ;  
 Why then this mystery? this secret ramble?  
 This story of a penitent? and pardon?  
 Change were but levity—thy feigning's base.

*Mir.* I feign not, *Theodore*—I am not chang'd,  
 Tho' thou art so, alas!—

Nor looks; nor voice; nor words appear the same.  
 There is no mystery, no secret ramble.

This letter brought me on thy going hence,  
 Will tell thee where I went, and why alone.

*Theo.* A letter! oh!

*She gives him a letter which  
 he takes and reads, and then  
 looks stedfastly at her while he  
 speaks.*

That I shou'd ever live to see thee thus!

Deluder, go!—

How had my open unsuspecting heart

Been cheated by this artful tale of thine?

But chance has counterwork'd the close contrivance;

Where didst thou leave this letter? [*Shews a letter.*]

*Mir.* Ha!—

*Theo.* Oh, how that sudden start betrays thy guilt!

*Mir. Theodore*, 'twas not guilt;—'Twas my concern  
 That such a pledge of thy endearing love

Shou'd,

Shou'd, like an idle toy, be lost by my neglect.

*Theo.* Thou shun'st the question still ; where was it left ?

*Mir.* Alas, thy stern enquiry quite confounds me ;  
I know not where ; but it must be in passing,  
Or with that wretch, to whom I gave a charity,  
He seem'd so very poor. ———

*Theo.* Pious evasions too ! a charity was giv'n !  
But know, to strike thee dumb for ever,  
'Twas found in that close scene whither by stealth  
Thou went'st to meet thy royal paramour.

*Mir.* By stealth to meet a royal paramour !  
I saw no king, no man——save one poor wretch,  
Who, sick in bed, lay gasping for his breath ;  
His eyes, like dying lamps, sunk in their sockets,  
Now glar'd, and now drew back their feeble light.  
Faintly his speech fell from his fault'ring tongue,  
In interrupted accents, as he strove  
With the strong agonies that shook his limbs,  
And writh'd his tortur'd features into forms  
Hideous to sight.——This man alone,  
If I had any, was my paramour.

*Theo.* The full description looks  
As thou indeed hadst seen the piteous object ;  
But each reply combats the end design'd,  
And sets in clearer light the purpos'd fraud.  
I search'd all o'er the house where this was found,  
There was no sick man there : ———  
And men in the condition thou describ'st,  
Shift not their situations on the sudden.

*Mir.* That was not then the place where I did leave it.

*Theo.* 'Twas in that very house - - - the dwellers own'd  
Thou there didst meet a man in foreign habit.  
In frolick health he came, and so departed ;  
Rewarding 'em, ev'n with a prince's bounty ;  
They phras'd it so - - - And so we saw it was,

F

For

For he went from the door as we arriv'd.  
 Tho' darkness hid his face, we saw his dress,  
 And knew full well it was the king's disguise.

*Mir.* Amazement chills my sense,——  
 Can dæmons mock us then with vain delusions?  
 Or is th' Almighty ceasing to maintain  
 Existence in its wonted steady course?  
 That things can shift their beings and their forms,  
 Like those vain figures gazing children spy  
 In fleeting clouds.——

*Theo.* O woman! woman! woman!  
 Dæmons, delusions, miracles——what not,  
 Are all call'd in——rather than own your falsehoods,  
 The very steady laws of nature change.  
 No, no, *Miranda*, that nature's still the same,  
 Thou art thy self a proof.——  
 From the first fair deceiver down to thee,  
 Thus beautifully false,——  
 You've look'd, and smil'd, and sigh'd, to our destruction.  
 Dæmons! ——

——What dæmons can torment us like your selves!  
 Or what delusions can deceive the sense  
 Like woman! obstinate in artful wiles!  
 Bred from your infancy to hide your souls  
 In the mysterious school of female-fraud.  
 The mother to the daughter hands the art,  
 From age to age traditionally down,  
 One long accumulated train of close dissimulation.

SCENE

## SCENE VII.

Enter *Alonzo*.

*Alon.* My lord, I hope the king's command to me,  
To hold you prisoner till his farther pleasure,  
Will plead my pardon for this bold intrusion.

*Theo.* The royal mandate, Sir, needs no excuse,  
I know not my offence. ———  
But my soul's sick of palaces, and grandeur,  
Fetters and prisons are at least sincere,  
The very things they seem.  
Therefore, more welcome far than golden falsehood.  
Lead on. ——— [Exeunt.

## SCENE VIII.

*Miranda* alone,

*Mir.* To prison gone! ———  
Gone! ---and not left a parting look behind thee!  
Has dark distrust usurp'd the place of love?  
And driv'n the timorous infant from thy breast?  
Thou'rt sick of grandeur: so, alas, am I.  
Off thou ill-fated pomp! ——— [Unbuckling her robe,  
Give me again that robe of shame, *Gleane*,

*Theodore's* mouth pronounces it my due.  
 Hold heart, a moment ---- till I am array'd  
 As suits my sentence ; then do thy work, reflection.  
 'Twill serve me for my shroud --- oh, killing strokes !  
 Painful from any ; --- but from this dear hand,  
 Whence I had hop'd for tenderness and love,  
 They fall like sudden stabs -----  
 From its distracted parent's murd'ring arm,  
     On the astonish'd child's sad suffering heart,  
     With double consternation, double smart.

*The End of the Third Act.*



ACT



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Alphonso's Apartment.*

*Alphonso sitting in a musing Posture.*

*Alp.* NOW, my philosopher, you're in the toil,  
 And I, perhaps, spite of your high resolves,  
 May urge that haughty restif heart of yours,  
 Till some rash strokes shall light on *Ferdinand*,  
 What! tho' he be my brother's son: ---- My nephew?  
 What are to me a brother, or a nephew?  
 Meer empty sounds! -----  
 He is my master, and that name implies  
 Ev'n all the kinds of enmity in one.  
 I'll not endure it ---- No!

---- But then, as I dare this,  
 May not another dare as much by me?  
 Tush! that's a foolish fear!  
 I shall not, like this stripling king, expose  
 That tempting bait, a crown, without a guard,  
 Resting upon that boasted staff of fools,  
 That, as he does no wrong, he has none to fear:  
 I know mankind too well, to trust to that.

----- But be it as it may ----- I must dye once,  
 And better fall surfeited with the feast  
 Of most delicious pow'r, than pine to death  
 In the lean state of starving base subjection.

SCENE I



## SCENE II.

Enter *Alonzo*,

Well, how, *Alonzo*, bears the general  
This unexpected blow?——

*Alon.* Like an high mettled steed, when first he feels  
The rider's weight. Now calm, now shook with passion,  
Now speaks disdain in smiles, now looks dumb rage  
In frowns, alternately by fits.——

*Alp.* Why then the potion works just to my wish,  
How say'st thou? is thy manly heart of proof,  
And dar'st thou bravely strike one hardy blow,  
To be, at once, all that thy soul can ask?

*Alon.* My lord, I think my manly daring rises  
Not short of any he that draws a sword.  
And all I dare, you know, you may command.  
But yet I wou'd not fall fool-hardily  
In a rash enterprize.——

*Alp.* In a rash enterprize, *Alonzo*!  
Tho' the crown, once devolv'd, wou'd give me power  
To screen the giver's hand,——  
Yet I'll not take it on the scanty terms  
Of meer possession, I and my friends expos'd  
To the surmises of the meddling croud.  
No, when I wear it, it shall seem to sit  
Without a crime, faultless upon my head.

*Alon.* That were, indeed, a master-piece, my Lord,  
Well worthy your consummate understanding.

*Alp.*

*Alp.* Thus then it seems to stand.—  
 My nephew in a visit to *Miranda*,  
 Charg'd *Theodore* with the black treachery  
 By which her *Father* fell,——  
 Forbidding her all farther converse with him,  
 Which she howe'er will certainly attempt;  
 For love obeys no orders but its own;  
 And which I've bid thy deputy permit.

*Alon.* But why, my lord, against the king's command?

*Alp.* Oh! much hangs on it. Such an interview  
 (If she but mention what the king has said,  
 As sure she will) can't fail to sting him home.  
 Now in the very heat of that commotion,  
 (While jealousy and rage, at such a charge,  
 At once are heaving in his haughty breast)  
 If under friendly colour he were offer'd  
 To go at large, perhaps his moody temper,  
 Warm with repentment, and secure in innocence,  
 Might thrust it self, unsent for, on the king.

*Alon.* That, Sir, wou'd be but to expostulate.

*Alp.* He'll mean it so, but who knows what, *Alonzo*,  
 Such an abrupt rencounter may produce?  
*Ferdinand's* confident that he is guilty,  
 And in such fort wou'd take the blunt address,  
 As may perhaps kindle this soldier's blood  
 To do my work.——

*Alon.* O, Sir! If I judge right of *Theodore*,  
 His temper is so obstinately loyal,  
 That nothing can provoke him to that height.

*Alp.* Why so perhaps it may——and yet our business safe:  
 For if the king shou'd fall, when in disguise  
 He rambles out by night, as then with ease he may,  
 Shou'd *Theodore* at that time be abroad,  
 Thy evidence join'd to the strong suspicion,  
 Were ample proof to fix the deed on him.

The



The wisest heads we have will look no farther.  
He falls by publick law, — and we are safe.

*Alon.* I see it clearly, Sir — and own it wears a face —

*Alp.* Ay, and a fair one too — that wo'nt alone amuse  
Those politicians, who with winks and whispers  
Prate o'er occurrences of state in private,  
But may abide ev'n the reverend front  
Of solemn justice nodding in her robes.

*Alon.* And more, my lord, *Miranda's* seeing him  
Will serve for colour to his close escape,  
Which may be charg'd on her as his abettor.

*Alp.* I thank thee for the hint — it suits me well.  
For she must fall — her beauty's dangerous ;  
'Tis some strange witchcraft, or I know not what,  
But I have mark'd it oft, and forms like hers,  
If there's an active spirit in a country,  
Are sure to find it out, and fire it too,  
And then they're mad, forsooth, with high-flown honour,  
All point, and puncto, nor will swerve an inch  
Wide of their own chimeric schemes of action,  
Into the beaten road of human doings ;  
Some such, some other *Theodore* may find her out.  
And shou'd hereafter but a glimpse appear  
Of the true hand by which *Gonsalvo* fell,  
Or of the means that wrought her this disgrace,  
I were not safe, tho' seated on a throne.  
But come, my friends, delays are dangerous ;  
This night it shall be done. —

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



## S C E N E III.

A Prison.

*Theodore alone.*

They say, this is the dwelling of distress,  
 The very mansion house of misery!  
 To me, alas, it seems but just the same,  
 With that more spacious jail—— the busy world,  
 Where even monarchs, if ambition wake 'em,  
 Groan in the galling chains of discontent.  
 Alas! how mankind err in all their thoughts!  
 The only prison that enslaves the soul,  
 Is the dark habitation where she dwells,  
 As in a noisom dungeon, fetter'd down,  
 To this unwholsom floor of breathing clay.  
 Were she but freed from thence, these solid walls,  
 These massy bars, and doubly grated windows,  
 Wou'd all in vain oppose her tow'ring passage.  
 Spite of such slight obstructions she wou'd rise,  
 And wing her airy way from life to life,  
 A long successive course of various being,  
 Enlarging as she goes her growing force,  
 With added faculties at ev'ry stage!  
 Oh how I long to try the wondrous road!  
 Yet rashly let me not explore its hidden path  
 With desperate feet. ——  
 The brave man dares maintain his painful post,  
 And cowards only fly to ease in death.

*Mir.* Where art thou, *Theodore*?

[*Within.*

*Theo.* But hark! What voice is that?

*Mir.* Where art thou, *Theodore*? ——

[*Within.*

*Theo.* Alas, I know it now—— It is *Miranda's*.

G

And

And my weak mind, like falcons long reclaim'd  
 Forgetful quite of native liberty,  
 Stoops from her tow'ring contemplation down  
 To the known lure of that beguiling tongue.



# SCENE IV.

*Enter Miranda.*

What can'st thou look for in this place, *Miranda*?  
 This residence of wretches? where, alas!  
 With looks intent, lone melancholy sits,  
 And fancies tales of woe on every wall.  
 'Till smit with her own images, she weeps,  
 And falling tears wipe the sad scenes away,  
 Leaving fresh space for pensive thought to spread  
 Her hourly webs o'er all the silent cell.

*Mir.* This, *Theodore*, is then the place I seek;  
 For I am fraught with griefs enough to furnish  
 The terror-striking mansion o'er and o'er,  
 In all the deepest pomp of real woe;  
 Such as wou'd foil imagination's skill,  
 And quite disgrace her idle imag'ry.

*Theo.* So young! so fair!  
 So lately seen too in the shining world!  
 And yet grown sad so soon! —  
 But sorrows multiply from age to age,  
 While each revolving hour of coming life,  
 Brings its own portion to the common sum.

*Mir.* And think'st thou then, alas! that I alone,  
 Am from the general taxation free,  
 That's laid on all my kind? No, *Theodore*,  
 A double share is mine. —

*Theo.* And to a cheerless comforter thou com'st.  
 Howe'er receive this letter once again; — [*Offering a letter.*  
 2 For

For tho' ——— oh killing thought! thou can'st not share  
 The nearer, dearer partnership of love,  
 My fortune still thou shalt ——— Take it ———  
 A little will suffice my mod'rate wish,  
 Who scorn the show, the idle pomp of life;  
 And thou art left, without the safe retreat  
 Of family, or house. ———

*Mir.* It was not always so — I had a father. ———

*Theo.* Yes, and a worthy one; ———  
 Whose godlike goodness, probity, and truth  
 Were of such shining sort, as heav'n had form'd him  
 A pattern for the rest of human kind.

*Mir.* And could'st thou, *Theodore*, e'er be unjust  
 To such a man? ———

*Theo.* Unjust! to whom? Unto thy father, saidst thou?

*Mir.* Ay! to *Gonsalvo*, could'st thou be unjust?

*Theo.* *Miranda*, have a care, nor call up thoughts  
 That must be painful both to thee and me.

*Gonsalvo's* name, like the shrill trumpet, wakes  
 The soldier's honour from the sleep, to which  
 Thy beauteous form half lull'd the suff'ring lover.  
 Methinks I see his honest hoary shade,  
 With stern regards bending his awful brow,  
 As in reproach to my unmanly weakness,  
 Which still with fondness does behold the woman  
 Who has forgone the honour of his daughter.

*Mir.* Oh *Theodore*! thou wrong'st me much;  
 Indeed thou dost: So much ——— that cou'd it be  
 Without disturbance to his state of blifs,  
 I wish that reverend shade, in very deed  
 Might rise this instant now ——— and judge betwixt us:  
 So clear my innocence, that I cou'd meet  
 His awful form unmov'd ——— could'st thou do so?  
 Wou'd not his form affright thee, shou'd he come  
 Ghastly, and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds,  
 As when he fell at his last fatal hour?

*Theo.* No, by my soul ———

## INJUR'D INNOCENCE.

The awful vision wou'd but edge my sword  
To double on the villain's breast the wounds  
Thy worthy father felt.——

*Mir.* Oh *Theodore!* where wou'd they fall? alas! I fear  
The wounds that shou'd revenge *Gonsalvo*, must  
Be fatal to his weeping daughter's life.

*Theo.* Thy words are wild and dark: what! wou'd'st  
thou point

The sword of justice to his daughter's breast,  
To find the murderer of thy father there?

*Mir.* Oh *Theodore!* Is there no other breast  
In which my life is treasur'd up, but this?  
Is there no other where I had repos'd

E'en the whole sum of all my happiness?

*Theo.* Surely, *Miranda*, sure thou wou'd'st not charge  
Me with the murder of thy noble father?

*Mir.* I charge thee not— alas! my fault'ring words  
Unwillingly fall from my lips, —— like those

Which come reluctant from the trembling tongue  
Of palsy shaken age—— Ev'n while

I do but tell thee, *Ferdinand* declares

*Gonsalvo* was betray'd by—— Alas! I cannot speak it.

*Theo.* What can'st not speak? by whom does he declare  
*Gonsalvo* was betray'd?

*Mir.* By *Theodore*.

*Theo.* By *Theodore!*

O Prince! My heart midst all its agonies,

Feels e'en one pang for thee.——

My life, and love, alas, might have suffic'd!

*Mir.* Now on my soul thou wrong'st him *Theodore* :

He never has attempted on thy love.

And, or disguise has wove her darkest webs

About his heart—— he sorrows for thee too.

With earnest eyes I mark'd him as he spake,

And grief and majesty together join'd

In manly mixture, sat upon his brow.

He fear'd, he said,

Thy

Thy love and thy ambition had undone thee;  
Mention'd thy worth, and many services,  
While ever and anon, a stealing tear  
Broke in upon his interrupted speech!

*Theo.* Said he this weeping too? The Crocodile!  
Destructive tears! that murder where they fall,  
That wou'd deface my image in thy heart,  
And there instead of real *Theodore*,  
Wou'd paint me what thou must detest and loath,  
A base betrayer, and a parricide.

*Mir.* And art thou not?  
Support me nature, while I ask that question.  
Art thou not so?——

*Theo.* Dost thou too join the cruel cry, to hunt  
My injur'd honour down?——

Then all the softest bonds of kind are ceas'd;  
The son shall pay his aged sire with death,  
And the unpractis'd virgin's bosom hide,  
Instead of love, and gentleness, and joy,  
Adders, and aspicks for her new betroth'd.

*Mir.* Oh *Theodore*! my bosom hides indeed  
Adders and aspicks, and yet sharper stings;  
But they are not for thee.—— May they rest here alone,  
And innocence guard thy beloved breast;  
——But innocent, or guilty, I am wretched.

*Gonsalvo* murder'd! *Theodore* accus'd!

The king forbidding! a whole people cursing  
That most abandon'd maid, who loves thee still:  
Whilst thou! (O keenest of my pangs) reproachest too.  
How shall I act in this dire exigence?

If thou hast pity, aid me, *Theodore*.

*Theo.* Shall I confess it?——that the crime avow'd  
May furnish thee a covering for thy falsehood.

*Miran.* Not for the world—if thou art innocent.

*Theo.* Go to thy *Ferdinand* then—he'll instruct thee how  
To hide dishonour with a mask of goodness,  
And from the ruins of my murder'd fame,

Raise a fair pile of seeming filial love.

But be not too assur'd——

For tho' it screen you from the publick eye,

The barbarous trophy must disturb my soul,

And wake me from the dwellings of the dead,

A pallid, shivering, discontented shade.

—When pincers tear, and torturing engines stretch,

When anguish gnaws, and agonies convulse,

The soul can leave her shatter'd habitation

Regardless of its ruins.—But alas !

Not the dark chambers of the tomb it self,

The wretch's last retreat, can fence her from

The aching wounds of endless infamy,

That death of souls, which stabs beyond the grave.

—Yet thus thy hand, wanton in cruelty,

Harrows my bleeding breast——

A hard return for love unspeakable.

The keen reflexion quite unmans my soul,

And I must shun thee——lest my bursting heart

Pour out its pangs in curses on thy beauties,

Which still my prayers wou'd bless—hard hearted woman !

[*Exit into the back scene.*]

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## SCENE V.

*Miranda alone.*

What ! art thou gone ! ——

Too far, alas, I've urg'd the painful test.

I'm falsely charg'd, —— and he may be so too !

So says my heart—Oh *Theodore* come back !

The holy fire that burns within my breast,

Spite of these doubts, of *Ferdinand's* suspicions,

Bids me be confident that thou art just :

And I will trust the heaven-born oracle.

SCENE

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alonz.* Madam my business with the general  
Demands your absence. Were this visit known  
'Twould cost me dear.

*Miran.* O thou bring'st with thee death !  
I read the fate of my lov'd *Theodore*  
In thy stern looks.—

Oh double death ! he dies believing me  
False to his love, the murtheress of his fame.  
Suspend thy fatal purpose but an instant,  
The king shall thank thee for the precious life  
Thy disobedience spares, and heaven shall set  
That single act against an host of crimes.

*Alonz.* Madam your passage to the king is clear,  
But my important charge brooks not delay.

*Miran.* Be not ! ah, be not rash !  
This is the only moment I have left  
To clear the great accounts of love and honour.  
If thou know'st either thou wilt feel my sufferings.

[*Exit Alonzo.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Miranda alone.*

But he is deaf as rocks——

—— Whence is this pang, this aching of the mind,  
To be thought just and good by kindred spirits !

Oh



Oh *Theodore*, —

Mine cannot bear that thou should'st think me base.

If *Ferdinand* to whom I suppliant fly

Refuse my prayer, I find my struggling soul

Will soon indignant burst the bands of life,

To meet thy spirit in that better world,

Where no disguise shall veil her innocence.

[*Exit Mir.*

## SCENE VIII.

*Alphonso's Apartment.*

*Enter Alphonso, walking hastily and uneasily.*

*Alph.* What cause can make *Alonzo* loiter thus?

Now when each moment stretches to an age,

By the vast swarm of busy painful thoughts,

Which croud themselves into its lengthen'd space.

—He's trusty sure. — He has done too much already,

And hopes for too much more, to play me false.

—Yet shou'd he think of buying

Preferment at a cheaper rate — 'tis to be had.

He boggled at the prospect of the danger!

Shou'd conscience join that fear; —

Cowardice, tinctur'd with but little conscience,

Will make some fellows act like honest men. [Looks out.

Not coming yet! — I'm too much in his pow'r;

Wou'd I were safe; and he were fast asleep:

A dose of this same opium here wou'd do it.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

—Suppose it were apply'd at his return.

But that may be too late —

What trampling in the antichamber's that?

Surely my nephew wou'd not send the guards

To take me thus by night, just like a thief.

[*Looking out again.*

Oh

Oh! here he comes.—

I'll probe him in the thread of our discourse.

~~~~~

## SCENE IX.

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alonz.* My lord, the General's gone out from prison.

*Alph.* Is he? why then

This is the very crisis of our fortune :

Action must watch the steps of opportunity,

And tread upon it's heels—are all things well dispos'd ?

Are thy assistants ready ?

*Alonz.* One of 'em is—the other, tho' I've fought,  
Ev'n with the utmost care, cannot be found :

The largest he receiv'd to counterfeit the king,  
Has furnish'd him for some licentious ramble.

*Alph.* I like not that.

Suppose we shou'd defer it till to morrow.

*Alonz.* O Sir, that may defeat the whole.

*Theodore*, now at large, may own I set him free ;

And urge his innocence in such a manner,

As may produce most dangerous explanations

Shou'd the king see to morrow.

Our only safety is the hasty blow ;

That will prevent th' effect of this their interview,

Which, shou'd it prove as I suspect, a friendly one,

Might otherwise be fatal to us both.

*Alph.* That fear is genuine—all's safe, I see. [*aside.*

I own, my friend, there's reason in thy doubt,

And upon more mature reflexion too,

'Tis better thus—Haste hence unto your watch,

A kingdom hangs on ev'ry moment now.

*Alonz.* I go, my lord, and when I see you next,

'Twill be to hail you sovereign lord of *Naples*. [*Exit.*

H

SCENE



## S C E N E X.

Alphonso *alone.*

*Alph.* Why go thy ways—thou seem'st a trusty villain,  
 And I am not the first whose daring feet  
 Have mounted to that envy'd height, a throne,  
 Upon such stuff as this—  
 Now to my post—and seem compos'd to rest,  
 But wake with open ears to catch the sound,  
 The king, the king is kill'd—  
 And thou, O darkness, from whose fable womb  
 All things they say arose,  
 Cast thy black mantle over this occasion,  
 And brood upon it till it does produce,  
 Like new-born light, the glories of a crown,  
 To wreath this brow.—What noise is that ?  
 It can't be doing yet—no 'twas the wind.  
 Continue on thy hollow murmurs still,  
 That his departing groans may lose themselves in thine,  
 And pass unmark'd.—How looks the night ?  
 Is her brown visage overcast with clouds  
 Propitious to our purpose ?

[*Goes to the side scene as to  
 look out, and starts back.*]

What ! do I dream awake ? ev'n at the glass, methought  
 My nephew's visage met me face to face,  
 Bloody and pale—Amazement ! there 'tis still !  
 The bloated features swoln ; and the dim eyes,  
 Stare motionless upon me.  
 How can this be ? he's not dead yet !  
 No ! when the face of nature's wrapt in night,  
 And the mind busy'd on some great event,

Im-

Imagination then creates a world,  
And fills the gloomy void with airy beings.  
Still art thou there.— [all this while fix'd and pointing  
to the window.

I'll close my eyes and shut the phantom out ;  
Yet it is here—and thro' the very lids  
The horrid vision seems to strike my sight.  
Fantastic forms avault !——

I have not leifure now to parly with you,  
And reafon down your mimic imag'ry,  
To its true nothing——  
What ho !——who waits without?



SCENE XI.

**Enter Gentleman.**

Lead, fellow, to the rooms that front the garden :  
Let me have better lights ;  
These wink like tapers glimmering o'er the dead. [*Exit.*]



SCENE XII.

## A Street by Night.

Enter *Theodore slowly, and looking up towards the Heavens.*

How dreadfully delightful 'tis to lose  
The dazzl'd eye in yonder wide expanse,  
Where, round ten-thousand radiant founts of light,  
H 2 Myriads

Myriads of worlds roll ceaseless ;—all obeying,  
 And all declaring in their measur'd orbs,  
 That universal spirit which informs,  
 Pervades and actuates the wond'rous whole.

—Stupendous view ! vast boundless theatre !  
 Thro' whose extended scenes numberless hosts  
 Of beings rise successively to life ;  
 Form'd all for happiness by the good-giving hand  
 Of its omnipotent artificer.

Weigh then thy doings carefully, my soul,  
 Studious to forward, fearful to obstruct  
 Beneficence divine.——

Thou tread'st a dangerous path—Shou'd thoughtless rage  
 Urge me to any rash intemperate act,  
 Tumult and wild disorder may ensue,  
 And civil war destroy my native land.  
 Has the Almighty then fill'd these firm nerves  
 With manly force, and form'd 'em to lay waste  
 His other works—to spread destruction wide,  
 And in redress of one man's sufferings,  
 Deal anguish out to thousands—surely no !

The pow'r on which a people's welfare hangs,  
 Only a people's welfare can oppose.  
 The real patriot bears his private wrongs,  
 Rather than right 'em at the publick cost.

Yet injuries, like mine, will find a tongue.

*[King crosses the stage in foreign habit.]*

And look, where wrapt in night the spoiler goes,  
 From rifling all my store :—

Lye still, my heart, nor think it a disgrace  
 To let my words be all my weapons here.  
 It is not to a man thou dost submit,  
 But to th'eternal rules of right and wrong,  
 By which omnipotence itself is govern'd.

Now aid me all ye soft persuasive pow'rs  
 Of modest speech. Lend me thy gentle tongue,  
 Sweet eloquence, to lead his heart from wrong.

*The End of the Fourth Act.*



## ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street by Night.

Enter *Theodore*.

*Theo.* I Wander still in a wild maze of doubts;  
The king's deportment seems to speak him clear.  
Some subtle train of treachery is on foot,  
Tho' from what hand deriv'd, eludes conjecture.



## SCENE II.

*King in disguise is seen crossing the bottom part of the stage, and after him, at some distance, enter Alonzo and Ruffian.*

But who are these?

*Alon.* Tho' when they parted, he escap'd our view,  
Yonder he goes before—now let it be put home,  
Nor raise the cry till the work's thoroughly done. [*Exit.*

*Theo.* Sure 'twas the king, and that's *Alonzo's* voice;  
There's mischief stirring yet. [*Exit hastily.*

## SCENE III.

Enter *Phomont* musing.

Every occurrence brings some new surprize,  
 The night patrol has chang'd its wonted round,  
 And midnight masqueraders walk the street.  
 Cou'd it be chance which clad the reveller  
 I met just now, in garb so like the King,  
 That but for the loose ditty which he sung,  
 I had suppos'd it him?—But most I wonder  
 At *Theodore* set free.—Friendship I fear  
 Was not *Alonzo's* motive to enlarge him.  
 This way he wander'd, and may meet the king.  
 I know him loyal.—But young *Ferdinand*  
 Is warm—And how such spirits, shou'd they clash,  
 May treat each other, makes me fear alike  
 Both for my prince and friend—  
 Cou'd I meet either, caution might prevent  
 What my doubts bid me fear.—But hark—that cry  
[cry within.]  
 Says all my care's too late.—sharp-sighted murder  
 Thy too piercing eye not darkness self can blind.  
[Exit hastily.]

## SCENE IV.

*Scene draws and discovers the King lying dead, and  
 Alonzo stabbing the Ruffian on the ground.*

*Ruff.* Is this my pay? cruel *Alonzo*! oh! [*falls as dead.*  
*Alon.* What

*Alon.* What ho! the guards! murder! and blackest treason!

My royal master's fall'n by villains hands.  
What ho! what ho! the guards.



## SCENE V.

*Enter Theodore behind him, seizes and disarms him.*

*Theo.* Thine were the villains hands—prodigious monster!  
But swift perdition waits thee for the deed!

And I will sacrifice thy spotted soul  
To instant death here at his royal feet.

*Ruff.* Oh! 'tis the general's voice—Sir, fain I wou'd  
Tell you that hell-hound's plots—against *Miranda*,  
And this against the king—to which he hir'd me.  
But—his curst hands have—oh!

[*dies.*

*Theo.* Butcher'd thee—is't not so? what! can't not  
speak?

The world to keep thy spirit but a moment.

*Miranda* injur'd too—oh my distracted heart!

*Alon.* He living yet!

*Theo.* Vile fiend, be still, [Struggles to get loose.

Or I will print thy bosom with more wounds,  
If possible, than it hides wicked thoughts.

*Alon.* Do, kill me, and, no doubt,  
He that the king accus'd of treachery to *Gonsalvo*,  
Will easily persuade the world,  
That he is innocent;

And I the murderer of my royal master.

*Theo.* Alas! my sudden rage at this dire deed,  
Had made me quite forget my present state;  
But bold in innocence, I dare rely  
On the successors justice for my safety.  
But say, barbarian, what cou'd urge thy hand

To



To such a crime?

*Alon.* Thou question'st me in vain. I scorn thy converse.

*Theo.* O injur'd shade! if yet thou hear'st, forgive  
The harsh expressions which severest anguish  
Wrung from my bleeding heart, that had conceiv'd  
Unworthily of thy unfully'd goodness.  
Why are the bosoms of the just and brave  
Shut from each other's sight? why are they not  
Open as crystal casements to the eye?  
That artful treachery might never cast  
Clouds of suspicion o'er their honest thoughts,  
To marr that highest happiness on earth,  
The mutual confidence of noble minds.  
What ho! what ho! the Guards!



## SCENE VI.

Enter *Alphonso*, and Guards. *Vasquez*.

*Alph.* Whence are these hideous clamours? what occasions

This midnight cry of murder, and of treason?

*Theo.* Look there, and cease to wonder.

*Alph.* Alas! my nephew!

Breathless and bleeding with a hundred wounds!

Who did this deed? speak, give him to my fury.

*Alon.* Your majesty, so I must call you now,  
Sees in this man the wretch who did the deed.

*Theo.* Audacious villain! the dire deed was thine.  
Thy murder'd comrade there confess'd it dying.

*Alph.* Accus'd by *Theodore*——it is abrupt;

But steddiness may turn it to my purpose.

[*Aside.*

They do impeach each other mutually.

Guards, seize 'em both.—*Theodore's* jealousy

Of

Of this our murder'd nephew, the black crime  
Of which he stands accus'd, and this his close escape  
Are more than proof sufficient of his guilt.  
But what proves his, I fear, will argue thine.  
He was thy prisoner; how shou'd he escape  
Without thy secret aid, or thy connivance?

*Alon. Miranda*, Sir, prevail'd on my compassion  
To let her see him, and perhaps she might  
Contrive his close escape, and aid it from without.

*Theod.* Villain! 'tis false!

Why woud'st thou wrong her innocence yet more?  
'Twas thy own hand—and, as it now appears,  
To colour this dire deed that gave me freedom.

*Alp.* There's some mysterious villany in this.  
They all are leagu'd—Go, fetch her instantly.  
Mean while send for the officers of justice,  
Let 'em prepare the rack here on the spot,  
I will not stir from this poor bleeding body,  
Till I have trac'd this treason to the head.

[*Exeunt  
Guards.*]

*Theo.* I am content; the rack brings happiness,  
If it brings freedom from so foul a charge.

*Alon.* Let me beseech your royal goodness, sir,  
At least one word.

*Alp.* What can'st thou say? [Alonzo whispers him.  
Ha! monstrous villain!

What! woud'st thou make a merit of the deed?  
Thy treason then is plain. Thou desperate fool!  
Coud'st thou believe so meanly of my blood,  
That I wou'd spare my nephew's murderer,  
Because his treason does oppress my age  
With such a splendid sorrow as a crown?  
Farther enquiry of their guilt were needless.  
Hence with 'em both to death.—

*Alon.* Nay, if it come to that, I will not fall  
Till I have——

*Alph.* Stop instantly that wicked monster's mouth,  
And drag him to his fate— [Alonzo is ball'd out.  
I Vas. Yet,

*Vas.* Yet, sir, let forms of justice be observ'd,  
And the enquiry of the law take place.

*Alp.* Well, be it so.—



## SCENE VII.

Enter *Miranda*, guarded.

*Theo.* Alas, *Miranda*! oh my injur'd love!  
Thy beauties here——

Like light'ning thro' the horrors of a tempest,  
Give to thy sinking *Theodore* at once  
A glimpse of the sad rock on which he's split,  
And of the distant dear delightful land,  
Which he must never reach.

*Alp.* Well minion, come!  
Let's see you set your pretty face, and lip  
A tale to tell us on what holy errand  
You went to visit that your paramour  
In prison, ha!——

*Mir.* Is it a crime, alas, to sigh and mourn,  
And share the weeping pris'ner's sorrows with him?

*Alp.* The breath of justice never dooms a villain,  
But your whole sex become his advocates!  
But what have I to do with womens feignings?  
Will you confess your share of this night's treasons?  
Or must we ask it in another manner?  
Why do these tardy officers delay!——

*Theo.* For her that test! alas!——  
The rose-lipt cherubs round the throne of heav'n  
Have not their bosoms more divinely warm,  
With melting mercy than that tender breast.  
Can you suspect her goodness of this deed?

*Alp.* No, certainly!  
The whining harlottry who drops her tears

To

To free from fetters a bold ruffian's hands,  
 Yet red and reeking with her father's blood,  
 Cou'd not assist him in his prince's murder !  
 That were improbable !

*Theo.* Patience, my soul !

What, to the rack ? that tender form of thine !  
 That dove-like softness !—

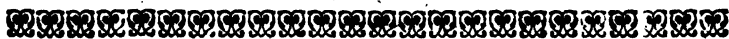
—Thee to the rack ! thee gash'd and torn, and butcher'd !

*Mir.* Yes, *Theodore* ! —

Since the mistaking hand of error has  
 Cover'd my innocence with such a cloud,  
 My soul shall bravely snatch this great occasion  
 To rend the veil, and shew how much she's wrong'd.  
 Weak as I am, all woman in my fears,  
 To thee, to him, I will be justify'd,  
 Whose bitter taunts have arm'd me for the task.  
 This beauty from *Gonsalvo* was deriv'd,  
 To his just name the sacrifice is due ;  
 And willingly the trifle I resign,  
 To prove I am, as *Theodore* once thought me,  
 A daughter not unworthy such a father.

*Alph.* So brave, my minion ! we shall try you soon.  
 Where are these people, ha ?

*Vas.* Sir, they attend your pleasure.



## SCENE VIII.

*Scene draws and discovers a scaffold, with two officers of justice, executioners, fires, and several instruments of torture.*

*Theo.* O death to fight ! —

Hide, hide your heads, you silver lamps of heav'n !  
 And night, thou constant mourner, dress thy self

I 2

With

With fables dipt in more than double darkness.  
 Such as, if possible,  
 May strike ev'n memory itself with blindness,  
 That she may never trace the paths of thought  
 Back to the causes of this horrid scene:  
 My cursed, rash credulity gave room  
 To execute this hidden maze of mischief.  
 On me then, let your indignation fall,  
 Sweep me from earth, and number me among  
 The plagues, the pests, the refuse of mankind;  
 To racks, to whips, to wheels, and scorching fires  
 Consign me,—

But spare, oh spare her spotless innocence!

*Alph.* Bold bravo, no!—

Thy stubborn heart, harden'd in doing ill,  
 Wou'd joy to brave the torture,  
 And blot the face of justice with a lye.  
 'Tis truth we want, and that no doubt will scape,  
 And issue easily from ev'ry flaw  
 The rack shall make in her frail composition.  
 'Tis that thou fear'st, and therefore that's the trial.

Well, my she-champion, are you still resolv'd?  
 You see the combatants: their rugged hands  
 Pay no respect unto a fair complexion.  
 But you may spare yourself, and them the pains,  
 By a sincere confession.—

*Mir.* What, stain my soul with everlasting shame,  
 To save myself from momentary pain?  
 Then I were base indeed—

*Alp.* Hence with her then; and do your duty boldly.  
 But hark thee fellow; unless she do confess, [*Aside to an*  
 Be sure she come not living from the rack; *officer.*  
 'Twill be preferment for thee.—

*Theo.* Oh, for an angel tongue to plead her cause!  
 Spare, spare, alas, this lovely tender flow'r!  
 Fair as the infant beams of new-born light,  
 And sweeter than the fragrant breath of morning.  
 Survey her yet, dread Sir, with better eyes,

Oh,

Oh, she is all perfection. ———

The golden harps, to whose melodious sounds,  
The universe was form'd, compos'd her frame,  
Call'd ev'ry perfect atom to its place,  
And tun'd her all to most harmonious beauty.  
Shall then the rack unbuild the wondrous work?

*Alph.* Your doings have defac'd as fair a fabrick,  
And justice, that looks not with lover's eyes,  
Is blind to all the beauties she can boast.

*Theo.* If this can be, here she is blind 'indeed,  
Not veil'd with that pure lawn which hides her eyes  
From what might bribe her to let guilt escape,  
But hoodwink'd by some villain's artful hand,  
To strike the innocent.

*Alph.* Soldier, your'e bolder much than might become  
A criminal, and in so foul a cause.  
Away, and do your duty.——

*Theo.* O spare me, Sir, a little space, to make  
My last, last peace with her whom I have wrong'd.  
Whose tortur'd heart—— a curse upon my tongue!  
I have sore smitten with reproachful speech.

*Vasq.* One moment, Sir, to soft compassion given  
Can cast no blemish on your royal justice.

*Alph.* 'Tis well advis'd,——  
Precipitance may look like prejudice.

[*aside.*

Well, *Vasquez*, to humanity we give  
That moment which strict justice might refuse.

*Theo.* Yet, e'er thou go'st, *Miranda*, give me pardon.  
By heav'n I wou'd not ask it at thy hand,  
But to fill up the anguish of my soul,  
That I in death, may pay thee pang for pang,  
And number out my groans to their full sum.

*Mir.* Forgiveness, *Theodore*! 'twixt thee, and me!  
Forgiveness is for foes; think'st thou me such?  
Indeed, indeed I am not. ——

And if my woman's tongue dropt a reproach,  
E'en then my woman's heart absolv'd thee too.

*Theo.* Why now 'tis well —— now hold thy own, my  
heart;

Sink

Sink not beneath thy pomp of misery ;  
 Keep its full solemn state, nor deign to taste  
 The sweet relief of weeping, and repentance.  
 But 'twill not be— the gushing flood will come.  
 Oh, my *Miranda* ! are those barbarous men  
 Fit comforters for all thy sighs and sorrows?

*Mir.* Oh let me, let me leave thee, *Theodore*,  
 E'er thy complainings melt my resolution,  
 And render my relenting heart unfit  
 For the rough task, thy honour and my own  
 Ask of it now. ———

*Theo.* Leave me ! Perhaps for ever ! oh my soul !  
 Where are the smiling hours, the gentle joys,  
 The opening prospect promis'd to our loves ?  
 Sad change, alas ! no more to hold thee thus !  
 No more to hear the musick of thy voice !  
 Nor look with rapture on thy lovely eyes,  
 Till sensible to all thy soft endearments,  
 My own o'erflow in tears of transport on thee !  
 All these, no more ! ——— on such conditions leave me !

*Mir.* Heart-breaking thought ! ———  
 The infant that in dying agonies  
 Pans on the mother's breast, pains it not more.

*Alph.* Away ! break off this tedious conference. ———

*Mir.* Oh hold me yet, my love, I cannot go !  
 My fears inform me we shall meet no more,  
 And I've a thousand things to say to thee.  
 The treasur'd softness that my heart had hoarded,  
 For each endearing circumstance of life,  
 Whatever joy, or grief, or hope, or fear,  
 Cou'd dictate to my tongue in future times,  
 All pant and strive for utterance at once ;  
 Each tender sentiment wou'd fain break forth,  
 Nor dye abortive, and unknown to thee.  
 But words are wanting, take 'em in my tears.

*Alph.* I'll suffer it no longer ; take her hence.

*Mir.* Bend not thy eyes upon me, *Theodore*,  
 Nor with convulsive catches, grasp me thus.

Each

Each parting pang is big with more than death.

*Theo.* Not look on thee! ———

I have no other use, alas, for sight,  
No other office for my trembling limbs,  
But thus to strain 'em in thy dear embrace,  
E'en with such strugglings as a shipwreck'd wretch  
Leaves the last floating fragment he can grasp,  
In that sad moment, when with lifted eyes  
He recommends his parting soul to heav'n,  
As I must thee to all the angels now.

*Alph.* Why do you dally? tear her from his hold.

*Theo.* O ye celestial ministers, be swift,  
Snatch this your fellow seraph from the earth  
With a bright guard, and bear her safely hence,  
E'er the rapacious teeth of torturing pain  
Untune that sweetness which was form'd to lead  
The fairest troop of all your heav'nly host.  
But 'tis in vain. ——— [Break their hold here.

Those fiends will bear thee to that place of horror,  
And my rash deeds (oh torture!) urge thee on.  
Yes, *Theodore*, 'tis thou, 'tis thou dost this!  
Thou lay'st her on the rack! thou pull'st the cords!  
Each instrument of pain! that magazine of death!  
All, all, are thy preparing! and for whom?  
But look not that way, thought— there madness lies,  
An ease I merit not ———

Why do I tremble thus? O coward heart!  
Wou'dst thou shrink from thy share of this sad scene?  
Disdain so mean a thought, and bear thy self  
In this last act of life, as a man shou'd.  
Pay nobly what thou ow'st her injur'd goodness;  
Let not one issuing groan escape thy ear,  
Survey each gasp, each agonizing throe,  
With eyes firm fix'd, take the whole object in,  
That when her catching pangs by sympathy shall shake  
This mortal fabrick, till my trembling soul  
Forake the tottering ruin, I may go

Full



Full of the image to eternity,  
And bear the hell, I merit, thither with me.

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Philomont hastily.*

*Phil.* Stay yet, and hear another evidence.

*Alph.* Another evidence! what bold intruder  
Thus interrupts the course of publick justice?

*Phil.* Sir, I bring with me proof too——

*Alph.* Ha! *Philomont!*

*Theodore's* bosom friend, and bold Accomplice!  
Seize on him strait, who comes with some feign'd tale  
To clear his fellow traitors.

*Phil.* Good, my lord,  
There is an evidence, at whose appearance  
The names of treason, and of traitor vanish.  
And here he comes.

S C E N E X.

*Enter King.*

*Omnes.* Ha! the king!

*King.* Free first her innocence.

*Theo.* That duty's mine. [*Goes hastily to the Scaffold.*

Nor let *Miranda's* gentle breast refuse  
To my unworthy hands the joyful task. [*Unbinds her.*

Not *Cæsar's* heart, when he triumphant led  
The conquer'd world in chains, beat half so high  
As mine does with extatick joy, to loose

These

These unjust bonds, and lead thy beauties hence. [*Leads her down.*]

*Alph.* Oh, Sir, 't glad's my heart to see you safe,  
We thought you slain, and treason surely mean't it.  
But thanks to heav'n, some lucky accident  
Mistled her erring dagger.

*Theo.* Oh fortunate mistake!

*Mir.* Oh happy error!

*King.* Uncle, your Care for me becomes you well;  
But much I fear your grief had made you err.  
From the first cry, prompted by my desire,  
To know the truth, with *Philomont* I've stood  
And heard the whole. My death was surely meant,  
And that as surely by the base *Alonzo*.  
Bring him, and let him answer, if he can.

*Alph.* Oh cursed accident, now aid me, fortitude. [*Aside.*]



## SCENE XI.

*Alonzo led in and ungagg'd—— Looks earnestly on the King.*

*Alonz.* By heav'n it is the king himself, and safe!  
Now thou ungrateful man! revenge is sure,  
I'll dye contented, since thou shar'st my ruin.

*King.* What does he mutter of revenge, and ruin?  
Say, villain, what thou know'st of the attempt  
By which that wretch, disguis'd like me, is slain?  
Evasions are in vain: *Theodore's* innocence  
I know by reasons most infallible,  
Therefore declare the truth. ———

*Alonz.* The truth is, he is innocent of all,  
And that same hoary hypocrite alone,  
Was the contriver of this villany.

*King.* Our uncle! thou art mad.

K

*Alon.*

*Alon.* I was so, Sir.

But I am cur'd by his ingratitude.

'Twas he betray'd *Gonsalvo*, only 'cause

He cou'd not shake his steady Loyalty.

'Twas he allur'd me to defame her innocence,

'Twas he entic'd her to *Iago's*, where

This fellow that lies dead, put on the guise

Of poverty, and sickness to *Miranda*,

Tho' entring and returning he was dress'd

E'n as you see him now——

He slid the letter that betray'd *Gonsalvo*,

Among the general's papers—he contriv'd

To let him secretly go out from prison,

In hopes his injuries wou'd have provok'd him

To do what I attempted afterwards.

But that vain fool, delighted, as it seems,

With counterfeiting majesty, receiv'd

Those strokes our plotted treason aim'd at you.

*Alph.* Oh royal sir, forgive me, if my blood,

Whose honour is your own, bear with impatience

The slanderous breath of this abusive villain!

*King.* Good uncle, cease your fears——

The ears, ev'n of credulity it self,

Wou'd close against the tales of such a tongue,

Which owns the breach of ev'ry sacred tie.

There is some train of treason lurking yet:

Hence with him to the rack, that shall extort the truth.

*Alonz.* Damnation! am I thus outwitted then?

One moment hold—I'll yet discover all.

But then it must be thus——

[*Stabs Alphonso, then  
offers to stab himself.*]

A dagger only cou'd expose to view

The hellish plots which lurk in that dark breast.

*King.* Disarm the villain.—Oh support *Alphonso*!

And call for instant aid——

Fell bloodhound! how durst thou attack a life,

Which nearness to my blood would make me spare,

Tho' thy fictitious tale were prov'd a truth?

*Alonz.*

*Alonz.* The deed is just, tho' to your uncle done.  
 Associates in treason we are equals ;  
 And I but justly smote my fellow traytor,  
 For violation of the league between us.

*King.* Secure the monster for due punishment.

[*Alon. exit guarded.*]

How fares it with our uncle ?

*Alph.* As with one  
 Who on a sick-bed slumb'ring dreams of health,  
 Till some rude noise,  
 Drives the delusive phantom from his breast.  
 How weak were all my labour'd schemes of thought !  
 What you have heard is true ; and I perceive too late,  
 When princes mix in treason, they forego  
 That awful character, which is their safest guard ;  
 Licence the villain's impious hand, and sign  
 A secret warrant for their own destruction.

*King.* Alas ! could thirst of sway seduce thee then  
 To such inhuman deeds ?

Live yet to right their injur'd innocence.

*Alph.* Oh fain I would ; but 'tis, alas, in vain !  
 The gushing blood has drawn away my life,  
 Cold sweats hang on my limbs,  
 Mists draw their cloudy curtains o'er my eyes,  
 And sick'ning sense loaths all her former likings.  
 Ride then our passions on this purple flood ?

[*Looking at his blood.*]

Do thrones and sceptres take their dazling lustre  
 From the full flow of it's warm crimson tide ?  
 That thus the ebbing stream can leave the soul  
 Upon a naked shore—where all around  
 Things vanish from it's view ; no object left  
 In the vast dreary void—but night—and terror—  
 Oh for thy better opticks, *Theodore* !  
 To pierce the horrid gloom, and shew my shudd'ring soul  
 What lies on t'other side this dreadful dark ;  
 If t'other side there be,  
 As I have heard thee talk—more worth than crowns ;

For they have lost their splendor now,

And I, my way—

[Dies.

*King.* Alas, old man! I little thought thy age,  
And reverend looks cou'd hide such base designs;  
Thy crimes be bury'd with thee. Know, *Miranda*,  
Thy beauteous sister lives, by me preserv'd,  
As thou by *Theodore*, with the like secret hope  
That time wou'd clear her injur'd father's fame.  
To her were all my nightly visits paid.  
Thy fellow passion, makes thee, *Theodore*,  
My brother now—

This, and the letter that concern'd *Gonsalvo*  
Thou yesternight had'st known, but thy delay,  
Or my impatience to inform my *Laura*,  
Left this ill-fated prince the means to work  
His plotted mischief, and with hasty hands  
On his own head to pull that sudden ruin  
He aim'd at mine——

*Theo.* From what a labyrinth of error freed,  
From what a precipice of ruin sav'd,  
Meet I th' unhop'd for heav'n of being thine,  
My fairest, my much lov'd, my wrong'd *Miranda*!

*King.* And let mankind by thy example warn'd  
Of base suspicion shun the poys'nous breath,  
Each lying legend of the envious tongue,  
When royal favour decks the fair, and young,

*Disbonest minds, just like the jaundic'd sight,  
See bonest deeds in a disbonest light:  
Thro' clouds of guilt, the innocent they view,  
And stain each virtue with some vicious bue,  
The just and good look with a different eye,  
By generous hearts they generous actions try:  
Govern'd by honour, honour they revere,  
And think each virtue, like their own, sincere.*

F I N I S.



# EPILOGUE

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mrs. HORTON.

**T**HE devil take all Tragick-bards I say,  
Who strive to please one with a whining play :  
From musty books some tedious tale they borrow,  
Hoping to please—the gay—with grief and sorrow ;  
And if in honour madam chance to trip,  
Streight the poor creature's stab'd——lord knows how deep.

Our Bard pretends, his plot's of his own making ;  
And hopes, sad soul ! that that shall save his bacon :  
As if stern critics would allow th' intention,  
And pardon dullness——cause his own invention.

Consider Theodore——the fool grows jealous  
Because his damsel wa'nt within they tell us :  
When had he on this virtuous town but blunder'd,  
How the poor man had gap'd, and star'd, and wonder'd !

Miranda's hideous fufs about her rep——  
What can be learnt from such a needless step ?  
Shou'd such surmises set our women madding,  
Lord ! their whole lives must all be spent in gadding ;  
A pretty scheme !—as if instead of airs,  
Poor we were made to——wish——and say our prayers :

And

*And when invited to delicious party,  
Shou'd cry——dearSirs, I must not——lord my vartie.*

*Philomont's friendship too's of the same piece,  
And far unlike our travel'd trim Toupet's ;  
Who've often view'd Romes statues——and they'll tell ye,  
Have seen the Pope——and caro Farinelly :  
And deeply skill'd in modes, to grace the nation,  
Return their lady mothers——admiration.*

*But bold, P've too far trespass'd on your time,  
And not excus'd our authors maiden crime ;  
Still Culprits first offence is sav'd from halter,  
If Gutherie vouches, he can read his psalter ;  
Be not less kind, release him from his fright,  
I'm sure he reads, allow him, you, to write.*



E P I-



# EPILOGUE

Design'd for the Sixth Night, but not spoken.

**W**ELL, Ladies, now our preaching play is over,  
What say you to this philosophic lover?  
Who boasts he'd spend his life in—— admiration  
Of every part of the whole—— fair creation :  
For me, I fear, in spite of all his—— flights.  
He will want power to please you—— many nights.

These Poets manage not their—— game with cunning,  
And rarely hold it out—— to nine times running.  
Ours, I own is eager, but alas;  
Mere inclination—— brings not things to pass.  
Try him to morrow—— if his vigor flag,  
Ne'r let him mount again—— the muses nag;  
Pegasus loves an able upright—— rider,  
No puny whipster ever should—— bestride her.

But stay, here, for the sake of Rime, I swear  
I've chang'd the muses-horse to a—— grey mare,  
Yet it may pass—— for Poets, to say true,  
Love—— riding so that any Titt will do,  
From lofty Pindar's headstrong, prancing racer,  
Down to Tom. D'Urfy's little dapper pacer;  
Of any colour, any size or breed;  
At all adventures, they will—— try the steed.

*Pve*



I've known em,— on, and off,— this many a day,  
 And when they're in the mood, noth'g will say 'em nay.  
 But up they must.— till failing in the Race  
 Poor things, they shew a wretched silly face.  
 Pray heaven that may not prove our author's case.

But if it shou'd, if he shou'd fail to please ye,  
 I heard him vow he'd not persist to— teize ye ;  
 On that condition, pardon his first fault ;  
 Few men are wise, 'till by experience taught.



#### ERRATA.

- In the Drama, read Alonzo the creature of Alphonso, instead of Valques.*  
 Page 6. line 13. for restless judges, read ruthless.  
 Page 10. in the last line, for smite, read smit.  
 Page 28. line 13. for his enemy, read the enemy.  
 Page 37. line 4. for strokes, read stroke.  
 Page 48. line 6 from the bottom, for opium, read opiate.  
 Page 58. line 21. for treasons, read treason.







